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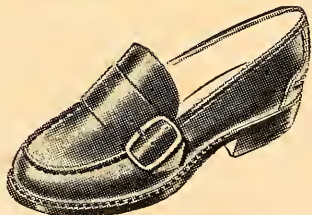
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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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No. 4

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A Word from The Editor

The Colonnade Staff wishes to thank the Longwood Players for their co-operation. Both the financial aid and the interest of this organization made it possible for the Colonnade to have something new in the way of a cover—a cover which more directly reflects the activities of Longwood.

This issue will also feature a story of the history of Longwood's dramatic group. As a college magazine, one of the long-time aims of the Colonnade has been to represent real college life. As a literary magazine, it is also very fitting for the Colonnade to include an article on an organization which, in the truest sense, is certainly a promulgator of literature and the arts.



The Sleigh Ride

BARBARA WHITE, '53

WHAT there was between my father and my mother, I never knew. Before

Mary was born, when I was just beginning school, our home seemed bright and splendid. Mamma would hurry about and laugh and pick me up and swing me round and round. Father stared long at me and seldom talked. But still the winter days were always filled with adventure, and there was always the sweet smell of satisfying comfort when I would come in from playing in the snow. In the evenings there would be games at the dining-room table. We would all join in and shout loudly and often to each other. Even Father would get carried away by the fun and raise his voice in merriment.

But after Mary was born, all this changed. I didn't notice at first. Perhaps I didn't notice because the change was so long in coming about. It wasn't until I was fourteen that I began to recall how our life had been. And then I realized that something had changed. But even then I pushed it all out of my mind until one Saturday night in midwinter.

After supper Mary and I played "Old Maids" until nine o'clock. When the clock struck, we gathered up the cards and began to get ready to go to bed. We shouted to each other across the hall as we undressed and washed in the bathroom. Mamma and Father were still downstairs.

I had just climbed into bed when the front door slammed, and Mrs. Wheatley's voice could be heard high and merry in the entrance hall. I could hear the low murmur of my mother's voice. Presently I heard Father come up the stairs and go into his room. I heard his bedroom door close, and then there was stillness, broken only by the occasional gaiety of Mrs. Wheatley's voice in the living room.

I must have fallen asleep, for suddenly

I was awakened by footsteps and shrill laughter on the porch. It was Mrs. Wheatley. There was a scuffle, and then I heard the sound of our sleds being pulled down the cement steps. It was my mother's voice that brought me out of my bed. She was outside, talking quickly and excitedly. It was the first time since I was a child that I had heard her voice sound so happy. That must have been the exact moment when I was aware that things had changed.

I sat up and pulled back the blind. There was snow everywhere. It was piled high off the streets. Sitting on the foot of my bed, I could look directly down on the two women from my window. Mrs. Wheatley was pulling and tugging at Mary's sled, and Mamma, dragging my flyer, was slipping and sliding behind her. They hurried onto the road and stopped in front of Mrs. Harper's house. Suddenly they pushed their sleds down the grade. They went directly under my window, on down the hill where the road curves toward the river. Just as the second sled went past, I heard my mother's laugh. It was the only time that I can remember that she squealed so excitedly. In a moment they had disappeared in the dark.

I pressed my face against the cool glass and waited for their return. The two figures appeared, running, half-stumbling through the snow. They were throwing snowballs at each other and dragging the sleds.

When the two women got to the top of the street, they waited for a moment and then slid off into the night again. I was fascinated by the scene below me. I couldn't believe that my mother would go "belly bumpers" on a sled. I thought of calling Mary, but for some reason I kept very quiet.

When the sledders came under the street

(Continued on Page 17)

The Wake

A hillside,
Covered with skeletons,
Whose feet are warmed by a blanket of
snow,
Stands bleak
Against the winter sky;
They lift their arms in mute plea
For life and beauty,
But the prayer is unanswered,
And they murmur a moment
Among themselves.
Then,
All is still.
Silence,
Ominous and forbidding
Holds wake for the broken bodies,
And challenges man to conquer Death.

BARBARA ASSAID

Too Late

I never noticed just how green each leaf
Had been, till it was deadened by the frost,
And, like each memory fading in my grief,
Turned golden for a second, then was lost.
I never heard the breeze that used to sing,
Till winter's storms came roaring in to stay.
The warmth of dancing sunrays was thing
Unfelt, 'ere cold and gloom chased them
away;
And your voice never meant so much to me
As now the echo that I hear repeat
My name again within my memory—
It is too late. The noise made as my feet
Crunch the dry leaves and scatter them
apart
Accents the crushing weight upon my heart.

PATRICIA TAYLOR



The Longwood Players

PAT MCLEMORE, '55

ON November 20 and 21, the Longwood Players presented *The Glass Menagerie*, with Sally Wilson as Amanda Wingfield, Isabelle Karnes as Laura, Ed Stanfield as Tom, and Tom Moore as the gentleman caller. The members of the Players thank the girls for supporting them. But do the girls know what and whom they supported? Do they know anything of the organization or of the objectives of this group called the Longwood Players? Probably not. I will frankly admit that I was completely in the dark about it all until I was given a little push to find out. I can truthfully say I am glad that someone gave me the incentive and aroused my curiosity.

Let's turn the calendar back to the year 1911, when Miss Leola Wheeler made her entrance. Fresh out of college and full of vim, vigor, and new ideas, she came to teach at Longwood. Upon arrival, she found that ten or twelve girls interested in the theater had already formed a semblance of a dramatic club. These girls had been presenting only one production a year—a very unsophisticated type of play, the plot of which almost invariably centered about a girls' boarding school. With a little campaigning and advertising, Miss Wheeler gathered together a few more interested souls and began work.

There were many obstacles. First of all there was the problem of stars for the male roles. In those days it was practically the unforgivable sin for a girl to play the part of a man. But Miss Wheeler marched bravely up to the president of the college and stated her problem. After consideration on the part of the president and the administration, she was granted her request that

girls be allowed to take the roles of men. Now you must admit that most girls look rather peculiar in modern man's habit. That fact ruled out contemporary plays calling for male roles. Shakespeare called for short trunks and tights. Out with Shakespeare. The only conceivable thing to do was to present a colonial play in which the girls would be modestly covered by long, baggy breeches.

The question of modesty had seemingly been settled. But at the premiere of the first play directed by Miss Wheeler at Longwood College, those nasty old Hampden-Sydney boys came and sat on the very first row. They came for the express purpose of looking at the girls' "limbs." This raised another problem, but that too was solved at the next presentation. This time the girls pulled their below-knee breeches down to mid-calf and put on two pairs of stockings. All of the ministers in town were invited, as well as the Longwood and Hampden-Sydney faculties. When consulted after the play, they all agreed that the girls looked perfectly respectable.

The next problem turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The Hampden-Sydney boys, who actually weren't so bad after all, became so interested in dramatics that they wanted to take part in some of the plays. However, the administration feared the play rehearsals would turn into "dating parlors"; nevertheless, this set-up was given a trial period. And believe it or not, it was so successful that the Hampden-Sydney "Jongleurs," as they came to be called, have been with us ever since.

As years went by, more and more stu-

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The Fate of Miss Wimple

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG, '55

THERE was no use pretending any longer — she was hopelessly lost.

Night was rapidly folding in about the countryside, and a cold, bitter drizzle was sifting down from the bleak sky. The narrow country road was muddy, and the rain of the past week had left small puddles which squished through the thin soles of her high-heeled shoes as she plodded along. A biting, roaring wind was moving down the road and bending the slender birch trees forward one by one as it came. Somewhere far off, a train whistled plaintively, sounding like the cry of a lost soul. There was something strange in the atmosphere tonight — something sinister and ominous. She caught her breath and glanced over her shoulder. There was no reason for her to feel this way; yet the sensation was so strong that she could almost feel it brushing against her as she walked and hanging like great webs of silence from the trees.

"This is silly," she kept telling herself. "It's foolish to be so nervous."

Maybe this feeling of uneasiness was the result of being cooped up in the library all day with the miserable gray October rain falling outside the windows. Inside, the damp, musty, bookish smell of the reading room had made her feel closed-in, depressed. Yes, she hated her job. Since she and her aging mother had moved to Masonville just two weeks before, she had been smouldering with resentment at being forced to sit primly behind the desk all day, stamping books and smiling at people while she answered their stupid questions. However, from the monetary standpoint, the job did provide amply for their needs. And their

new house several miles from the outskirts of town was comfortable. She wished that she were there now. If only she hadn't gotten off at the wrong bus stop! But all these country stops looked alike, and in the gathering gloom, she had missed the right one. Now she was in utterly unfamiliar territory.

Suddenly, she stopped short with a sigh of relief. There was a house barely fifty yards ahead. Quickening her pace, she walked hurriedly up the path and knocked on the door. It was quite an old house, battered and dilapidated; the dark, blank windowpanes made her think of sightless eyes, vacantly staring into the night. There was no answer to her knock. Impatiently, she tried again. She could hear the faint sound of voices from within, and there was a dim light glowing from the front room.

"There must be someone at home," she thought.

Resolutely, she pushed the door open and stepped over the threshold. As her eyes became accustomed to the dim light, she saw that she was in a dining room. The table had been set for three, and on it an appetizing meal was still laid out. Yet the chairs had been pushed back helter-skelter as if the occupants had suddenly been interrupted during their supper, had jumped up from the table, and fled. The voice she had heard was the radio in the corner. An announcer was giving the news broadcast.

"How odd!" she thought. "How very odd to leave a meal on the table and the radio playing."

As the voice from the radio droned on, she gradually became aware of the words—

THE FATE OF MISS WIMPLE

"I repeat, do not become alarmed, ladies and gentlemen. Just take the necessary precautions and you'll be perfectly safe. Keep all doors locked and stay inside the house. This man is a dangerous homicidal maniac who escaped from the state institution with a butcher knife. He was last seen in the vicinity of Masonville. The police

have set up a dragnet; so it is only a matter of time until he is caught. However, I repeat; we beg you not to leave your house. Just take . . ."

From across the room came a light cough. Miss Wimple shuddered and then screamed with horror, as the dim lamp light flashed the cold glint of steel.

THE END





GOING, GOING, GONE!



MOLLIE HERSMAN, '54

Dear Mr. Anthony,

My daughter is nineteen, very sweet and lovable, but my problem is that she is still unmarried. What shall I do?

(Signed)

Anxious Mother

My dear Anxious Mother,

You have nothing to worry about if your daughter is sweet—I beg your pardon—very sweet and lovable. Some lucky boy will recognize your daughter's excellent qualities and marry her. However, if no lad does, I highly recommend that esteemed institution—the debut.

(Signed)

Mr. Anthony

Ah, that esteemed institution. It is the modern answer to an old-fashioned prayer. Of course, some anxious mothers stole the idea of the debut from the comic strip, "Li'l Abner." Society restricted the zestful mothers from the actual race for the man, producing instead a more delicate and subtle method for catching him—the debut. The new method instantly became a howling success. Everywhere the grandams of society nodded their white heads approvingly; thus the debutante, in one magnificent sweep, thrust herself upon the American scene.

The season is spring; the young miss is nineteen; time is fleeting. The mothers gather together eagerly, beginning that vast amount of preparation that is necessary for the success of one grand and gracious evening. The country club is promised

and the invitations are sent. Amidst the hustle and bustle, the orchestra is engaged. The caterers, proudly displaying their delectable menus, come and go. In a box lies the beautiful, new, white dress, hidden beneath layers of tissue paper.

The big night arrives!

The night is soft with early summer. Japanese lanterns bob lightly on a warm breeze, and music lingers in sweetly scented air. The young men spin about the patio with some soft whitenesses clinging to them. Their heads are light with champagne; their stomachs heavy with rich food.

The trap is set. The unsuspecting victim dances in. Swoosh, off goes his head. But listen! What is this? There arises far off in the corner another masculine voice, raised in the bidding for the fair damsel's hand. TEN! FIFTEEN! TWENTY! THIRTY... thirty-one. The heady influence is wearing off. Sweat breaks out upon their smooth brows. The ever-watchful mother swoops in.

"Going, going, gone to that young man!" she screams, pointing to the highest bidder.

Ah, the rueful creature solemnly walks out with the demure maiden strongly gripping his arm.

Wedding bells shall soon ring forth.

Dear Mr. Anthony,

I took your advice.

(Signed)

Contented Mother

WALLACE STEVENS

His Poetic Technique

BARBARA SOUTHERN, '55

WALLACE STEVENS is called a modern poet—not modern in the sense of contemporary, living or writing in our time, but modern in the sense of the new, untried, and unexpected. To the young reader of today, he and the others like him represent the spirit of adventure and revolution. He is one of the few who dared to slip from under the yoke of conventionality.

The first evidence we have of Stevens' radical approach to poetry is in his choice of language—words chosen not for their meaning but for their sound and color. This is the quality for which Stevens is most celebrated in contemporary criticism. It has been said that, considered as a painter, "he is one of the most original impressionists of our time. He is fond of little blocks of color—verbal mosaics in which syllables are used as pigments." This is seen nowhere more clearly than in the opening lines from one of his greatest poems, *Sunday Morning*.

"Complacencies of the peignoir, and late
Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair,
And the green freedom of a cockatoo
Upon a rug mingle to dissipate
The holy hush of ancient sacrifice."

Like Poe, Stevens is an experimenter in the tonal allusiveness and color value of words. Another typical example is this:

"Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan in Caftan
Of tan with henna hackles, halt!"

If read carefully, it does "make sense," but this is not the primary concern. The flow of words is graceful and harmonious, and this is the effect Stevens wanted.

Again in the titles of his poems, Stevens, the painter, has applied his brush, and we can see brilliant patches of color as we glance through a list of them. *The Man*

With the Blue Guitar is, perhaps, the best example. Others that illustrate this quality are: *Hymn from a Watermelon Pavilion*, *Two Figures In Dense Voilet Light*, *A Golden Woman In a Silver Mirror*, *A Dish of Peaches In Russia*, *Girl In a Nightgown*, and *Study of Two Pears*. All of these titles are appealing, even tantalizing; and if we think a moment, it is easy to see what Stevens has done. He has simply substituted the unexpected for the expected in his titles and throughout his work. He uses a new collection of names, places and events instead of the old collections. His purpose—to paint a picture with words.

As significant as the colorful qualities of his language is the total impression he creates with his apt phrasing. At one time Stevens came under the influence of the Imagists, one of whom was William Carlos Williams, who aimed at keeping the eye strictly on the object. They believed the poet should use no words that do not directly contribute to the presentation of the object; nothing superfluous should exist in the poem. Their insistence on the direct treatment of material and on economy of presentation encouraged a new sharpness and a discipline of craftsmanship.

When Stevens says

"Sombre as fir-trees liquid cats
Moved in the grass without a sound"

we can clearly detect the Imagist influence at work.

The reader who attempts to interpret literally this new poetry will soon be lost in a maze of obscure abstractions and equivocal metaphors. This is rhetoric, but rhetoric of a new order. Conservative critics complain that the modern poet is an iconoclast, a barbarian who would destroy tradi-

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TWI

TWO weeks had passed since the night of the storm, and all its various and sundry aspects had been talked over and out. Local gossip had turned its attention to the ordinary petty happenings of a small town: the new beauty salon's being opened across the street from the barber shop, Joe Wilkinson's getting a boy after seven girls, where Fred Wilson was getting the money to purchase a new Pontiac—well, an almost new one.

Though the recent storm had ceased even to be meat for passing conversation for the majority of Rushville's inhabitants, it was still a vivid and terrifying nightmare to the Misses Angetta and Evelyn Ellington. What would have been the topic of parlor chats for months a decade before was now just another storm when the lights had been out a few hours more than usual. The determining factors behind this change formed the background for an interesting and pitiful story.

Rushville was a small, out-of-the-way place where approximately three thousand people had congregated to build their homes and put down their welcome mats. In 1897, William Ellington established a finishing school for young ladies with his two daughters, Angetta and Evelyn, as its sole instructors. These two girls, though they were attractive enough, were declared ineligible for marriage by their domineering father who considered the education of young ladies a more noble profession than marriage.

The school was located in the Ellington

OAKS

GEORGIA JACKSON, '56

home, Twin Oaks. To this institution streamed dozens of young girls each year. Was it not ironical that these two unmarried sisters should devote their lives to preparing girls for marriage and motherhood? Through their instruction at Twin Oaks, the students acquired a poise and grace through dance and music, a thorough understanding of literature, and a mastery of the practical arts such as sewing and fine handiwork—all contributing to their preparation for taking their repective places at the top of society.

Since the Ellington home was the center of the highest educational and cultural learning, the two sisters were automatically accorded the leadership of society in the community of Rushville and the vicinity thereabout. To their beautiful brick home, half hidden by two stately oaks, came men, women, and children of all ages and from all walks of life, seeking guidance and advice as well as book learning. Eventually that brick structure became a symbol of education, leadership, and righteousness. The young children went there with broken dolls and broken hearts; the women met there to make arrangements for the church bazaar; the men sought William Ellington's advice on rotating corn, buying stock, and building homes.

Though they held the seat of prominence and influence in Rushville for a long time, the Ellington's and their reign were to take a sudden downward plunge into

obscurity. The ball started rolling and gaining momentum on August 8, 1929. This was the day that William Ellington was killed by the fall of the first oak. In his death, the "girls," as the sisters were called, lost an integral part of their home. To them it was comparable to sawing the brace of a building into two parts. Their mainstay, their support was gone. Perhaps this breakdown was inevitable, for now Angetta and Evelyn were living in a haze of yesterday; and the new generations of Rushville were developing in accordance with the fast pace of the Twentieth Century.

Rushville was like a stagnant pool which had suddenly acquired a steady flow of fresh water through its body. This living stream had brought with it the heartaches of a war and the dire tragedy of a depression. It swept out the Ellington tradition. No longer did the finest families compete to send their daughters to Twin Oaks for instruction in fine arts. Women had learned to form their own opinions and make their own decisions. William Ellington's place had been taken by the skilled politician and the farm agriculturist.

The two maidenly sisters turned to elementary teaching and opened a school for the instruction of children of first grade level. They rarely ventured past the grounds of Twin Oaks except to go to market and to attend weekly church services. Even in church the new blood had taken over, and the old regime was fading out of the picture.

The degeneration of the reign of the Ellington's could be observed in even more

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OUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME



HIGHER EDUCATION

Our Old
Ha



WHOLES

With Apologies

College nts



IVITIES

aries Addams



SOCIALITE



CONGRATULATIONS—

Illusion



A fairy castle once I knew,
All softly fused with light.
All covered o'er with gold and gems,
It was a gorgeous sight.

I used to watch the sunlight dance
On parapet and pane.
Its beauty grew with each new day,
And never did it wane.

I did not know my sight was blurred
By Dame Illusion's hands,
For when Life brought me lenses strong,
I only saw—tin cans.

NANCY LAWRENCE



American Jazz

BETTY JANE STAPLES, '55

THE teenager eagerly collecting the latest jazz recordings or enthusiastically listening to Louis Armstrong's newest platter, the clarinet player engaging in a hot jazz session with his fellow musicians, the classicist peering down his nose at what to him is the upstart bastard of real musical art—these all have something in common. Each, regardless of his respective attitude, is meeting with a phenomenon which is one of the few uniquely American parts of our culture. For jazz, wide-spread and variegated as it has become, is in its origin, style, and essence strictly American.

Today various cities claim the birthplace of jazz. New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, even Chicago—each asserts that the honor is hers. Certainly it was the southland, home of the Negro with his rhythmic spirit, which gave birth to jazz. Then jazz floated to the north on river boats, rested there awhile, and soon spread far and wide. It began around the turn of the century and developed in the 1920's and 1930's.

When jazz began its spread up the Mississippi, it divided into three streams. Chicago became the reservoir of the rowdy, hectic, swaggering style of jazz known as "hot jazz." An example of this style is the "Birmingham Breakdown." New York became the mixing bowl for "sweet jazz"—that style of jazz which stresses melody and harmony. "Mood Indigo" is a good illustration of this type. "Classical jazz," a sophisticated hybrid, was developed in various places in Europe, chiefly in Paris. "Reminiscing in Tempo" and "Creole Rhapsody" are typical examples.

However, jazz in any form is distinctively a Negro music. It has an intensity of mood and a peculiarity of style that can be imitated by all kinds of people, but the pattern was originated by the Negro to whom we give full credit for its creation. It has been said, "It began in the restless

feet of the black; it rippled through his limbs and communicated itself to every instrument upon which he could lay his hands . . . It still remains a racial accent which the White, for all the uncanny skill with which he has translated it from the original Black, has not fully mastered." Louis Armstrong, in his book entitled *Swing that Music*, says, "Jazz came up slowly and out of the old Negro folk songs and the spirituals. The regular beat of the jazz syncopation probably came out of the strumming of banjos which our people had learned to play before the Civil War. Some say it went back to the tom-toms of our people before we were civilized."

The real father of jazz was the Negro itinerant piano player who wandered up and down the Mississippi towns and frequented saloon and dive. Like all those humble troubadours of his time, he not only knew nothing about written music or composition but was often wholly illiterate. But with a mind like a camera, he would listen to the rude improvisations of the dock laborers and the railroad gangs and reproduce them, reflecting perfectly the sentiments and moods of these humble folk.

As to the name "jazz," there is a fairly authentic story. It goes somewhat as follows: Jasbo Brown, a reckless musician of a Negro cabaret in Chicago, played the "Memphis Blues" and other "Blues." Hilarious with gin, he put into the music his own extravagant moods and interpretations. To give further emphasis, he would make his trombone "talk" by putting a derby or tin can over its mouth. His delighted audience would shout, "More Jasbo! More jazz!" And so the name originated.

Another Negro musician important in the development of jazz was William Handy, known as "the Father of the Blues." It was he who composed "Memphis Blues"

(Please Turn Page)

(1912) and "St. Louis Blues" (1914), numbers which are still popular today in more stylized versions.

It is the white man who has taken jazz and developed it into what it is today. Ted Lewis, pioneer of jazz, was the first to make jazz known far and wide. In 1917 Lewis started a band of his own, consisting of a clarinet, a piano, a cornet, a trombone, and a drum. His is an original jazz, and it is a far cry from the more stereotyped forms we know today.

Paul Whiteman, born in Denver, Colorado in 1890, was the first man to make jazz really respectable. While playing in the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Whiteman heard jazz and immediately became interested. He organized a band of men who wanted to learn more about jazz, and they gave the musical world its first shock with colorful jazzing of such songs as Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of India."

The musical world was even more startled when Whiteman, for the first time in the history of music, boldly took jazz to the concert hall. On February 27, 1924, he presented at New York's Aeolian Hall a revolutionary program entitled "An Experiment in Modern Music." In this concert, Whiteman and his orchestra played such varied selections as true forms of jazz, semi-symphonic arrangements of popular melodies, a suite of serenades written by Herbert for the occasion, a classic ("Pomp and Circumstance") . . . and Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue." This was the first time that jazz had been allowed to stick its head out of the cabaret door.

And thus jazz has evolved, and in its evolution has become so varied and so complex that its simple origin is barely discernible. Such men as Louis Armstrong, "Duke" Ellington, the Dorseys, Gene Krupa, and Stan Kenton (to mention only a few), whom we call "top jazz players" of today, are merely exponents of the many hybrid offsprings of the original jazz. A good illustration of this is "Duke" Ellington with his "classical jazz" compositions such as "Mood Indigo" and "Solitude." Another is Stan Kenton, who has taken classi-

cal ideas and idioms—complex rhythm, dissonance, atonal melodies—as set forth by classical composers and applied them to popular music. Traces of Bela Bartok and Egor Stravinsky can definitely be found in the arrangements of Kenton—compositions which are a far cry from the old Negro folk songs and spirituals.

Jazz, though basically Negro, has through the years lost whatever racial or social significance that it may have had. Although universal in appeal and expressiveness, it embodies much that is American and democratic in concept. Jazz music is jazz music no matter what the color is of the men who play it, and many top jazz bands are composed of both Negro and White. The fact that the player is able to play as he wishes makes the music seem all the more American, for in this country a man can do as he pleases so long as he obeys a few simple rules. That's just the way it is with jazz. The only rule a jazz player must follow are these two: he must use the same key and harmonic background, and he must keep the same time as the other players. One instrument plays the lead, and the others follow. Each player may make any improvisation which he thinks may sound good. If he hits on something extremely good, he may take the lead.

Much of the musical superiority and force of jazz comes from the fact that the men who play it create it. A genuine jazz player pours out his heart with a fervor and freshness that is unique and irresistible. A. L. Locke, author of *The Negro and His Music*, was right when he said, "This originality has only to be guided to carry jazz to new conquest."

Nobody knows how great is the future of American jazz, but the classical world says that jazz has had great influence. Certainly jazz has introduced new systems of harmony, new instrumental techniques and combinations. The full development of these techniques and combinations may lead to a radically new style of orchestra and orchestration. Be that as it may, critics agree that America, with its unique form of music called jazz, has made a permanent contribution to music and art.

The Sleigh Ride

(Continued from Page 3)

lamp the second time, I saw my mother's face. It was happy and gay, and her mouth was wide with merriment. And then—just as she had her face turned upward, feeling the soft snow fall on her closed eyes, I heard my father moving about in his room. Suddenly his window flew open.

"Elizabeth, is that you?" he shouted.

"Yes," called back my mother. "Yes, it is. John, you should come out. Mrs. Wheatley and I are sledding. It's a beautiful night, and the snow is just right."

"Come in off the street. Come in at once. Put the sled on the porch and come in off the street at once," my father said in a low, hard voice.

I slid back from the reflected light. My mother's face was raised, and her head was tilted up toward my father's window. If she had glanced to her left, she would have

caught me staring down on her. Suddenly she lost her smile. She darted out into the middle of the road, stooped to gather up some snow, and then stopped. Slowly she turned and started toward the steps. Mrs. Wheatley was beside her talking in a low voice. My mother kept shaking her head and pushing Mrs. Wheatley away. They disappeared under the eaves of the porch, and within a few seconds Mrs. Wheatley stepped off the porch and walked quickly up the lonely street.

I lay quiet, afraid to move. I heard the latch on the door and then the thud of its closing. I heard my mother coming slowly up the steps. Afraid to move, I was still looking out on the street.

The town was dark. The snow came softly down. I lay looking at the pavement, the street, the lamplight, the sled marks in the snow. I waited, hoping to hear the return of my mother's laughter, but all I heard was the soft, low sound of my mother's sobbing.

If I Should Look Beyond Today

If I should look beyond today,
What would my eyes behold?
A world of all my dreams come true,
Or a world that I find cold?

If I should look beyond today,
Would I be happy now?
Or would I weep a thousand tears,
And curse the why and how?

Would I possess much happiness,
Or be a part of pain?
Would I have loved ones all around
And know the taste of fame?

How wise God was to make today,
And keep tomorrow dim!
I should not wish to know the path
That lies beyond life's rim.

MARY JEAN CARLYLE

Wallace Stevens

(Continued from Page 9)

tion to no purpose. To this the modernist replies that the success of poetry can be judged only by its power to enlarge upon human experience; and if it accomplishes this, it does not matter what rules it breaks or what means it employs. The secret of enjoying modern poetry lies in grasping what the poet is doing when he writes with this oblique and disguised approach to his theme. In *The Motive For Metaphor*, for instance:

"You like it under the trees in autumn,
Because everything is half dead.
The wind moves like a cripple among the
leaves
And repeats words without meaning.
In the same way, you were happy in
spring,
With the half-colors of quarter-things
The slightly brighter sky, the melting
clouds,
The single bird, the obscure moon—
The obscure moon lighting an obscure
world
Of things that would never be expressed
Where you yourself were never quite
yourself
And did not want nor have to be."

Without making a single direct statement, Stevens thus constructs all his ideas in the form of concrete images which do their work by their impact on the reader's senses, making him *feel* the force of the abstract ideas behind the passage.

His early work proved his fresh, lyric gift and a particular competence in the light "little language" of lyrical rhythms. "Poetry," he says, "is a finikin thing of air—

That lives uncertainly and not for long
Yet radiantly, beyond much lustier blurs."

The light in which his early writing moves reflects this attitude. That is not to say that the poetry is poor in thought, but rather that its mechanics effect a tone and

feeling of lightness and brightness and airiness which are peculiar to Stevens.

"I was the world in which I walked and
what I saw
Or heard or felt came not but from myself,
And there I found myself more truly
and more strange."

In this world, he skips between serious reflection, nostalgic sentiment, and whimsical satire. The movement expresses itself in loose singing rhythms, accidental rhymes, with a humming and strumming accompaniment of fanciful sounds.

It is perhaps a weakness of Stevens' work that it is inclined to pass too often from the imaginative to the merely fanciful. The fanciful is quite in keeping with the mood of many of his poems, but in *The Emperor of Ice Cream*, it definitely is not. This poem has as its subject the irony of death. In the line, "Let be be final of seem," Stevens declares that he will deal with the subject realistically. The first stanza is mere fantasy. It is not until the second, with the dry actuality of its opening lines, that this intention manifests itself.

"Take from the dresser of deal,
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once
And spread it so as to cover her face.
If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is, and dumb.
Let the lamp affix its beam.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice
cream."

This is realistic; yes, but it is realism as seen by a romanticist. It is typically Stevens.

The reader may well ask the question, "Does Stevens' poetry possess 'lasting' qualities?" Of course, contemporary criticism has frequently proved erroneous and the final judgment will be made by generations to come. Realizing this, many critics have, nonetheless, ventured to say that Stevens is one of the greatest poets produced by America in the 20th Century.

Twin Oaks

(Continued from Page 11)

concrete aspects. With the crumbling of bricks and the gradual rotting of the timbers, their once magnificent home was slowly decaying into ruination. Ivy ran wild in its race to cover every inch. The grass choked out all signs of the flowers which had furnished decorations for the altar of the church for so many Sundays. Only the last oak retained its natural beauty and vigor: sprouting new growth and new hope in the spring, covering the old mansion with shade and comfort in the summer, glowing with Nature's own handiwork in the Fall, and standing with its gaunt branches outstretched, signifying the nothingness of the Ellington sisters' plight in the bleak cold of winter.

The girls, themselves, showed an outward downfall of spirit. The once meticulously groomed Misses Ellington became the laughing oddities of the community. Each Tuesday morning they could be seen mincing along the streets to the market, one behind the other, with round wicker baskets swaying on their arms. Although they carried themselves with grace and perfection, their backs had become a little bent, and their once exact coiffures had become thinned and gray with wisps of hair easing out here and there around their tightly drawn buns. Their faces had lost the gentle loveliness of girlhood, and they had acquired the masks of austerity of teachers. Their eyes with finely arched eyebrows burned with a determination of will and an eminence of character. Their hats, which looked like Sunday best fixed over for week days, gave the impression that the girls finally had ceased to even try to obtain the new look. Their dresses, which drooped down near the ankles, showed signs of rigorous wear; and the girls left a faint odor of molding mustiness behind them.

Yet, through it all, the two sisters held their heads high, still proud of their Ellington heritage and their part in the dimming haze of an almost regal-like domination of Rushville. It was not until the night of the storm that their heads went down, never to rise again.

The lightning was hitting close that night as the Ellington girls prepared for bed following a meager dinner. It was Angetta who saw the bolt of light cutting through the tree. Like a burning meteor, it plunged through the aged bark, tore at its trunk with excruciating fury, and ate through the roots deep into the earth. The oak swayed a moment as if breathing a final farewell to the wind, stars, and the rain and sank to the ground with a deafening and violent crash. Angetta's scream portrayed all the emotion pent up inside her since her father's death and all that she would feel in the days and years hereafter. The falling of the last magnificent oak dealt a final blow to the pride, faith, and endurance of the remaining members of the Ellington family.

Yet, this stroke of fate meant absolutely nothing to the townspeople of Rushville other than a sure sign that there had been a storm on the night of October 20, 1950. Long before, they had put the Ellington sisters in their proper place—that of eccentric, antiquated ladies of the old order. Although a few taxicabs still pulled up in front of the run-down mansion each morning at nine to bring their six-year-old charges, that eventful night had finally brought the girls themselves to the realization that their position in Rushville was one of the past and not of the future. The Ellington dynasty had been broken; its rule came to an end with the falling of the Twin Oaks.

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C. F. MORING

The Longwood Players

(Continued from Page 5)

dents became interested in dramatics, and it was not long before the club had grown to a membership of about one hundred fifty. A girl did not have to be an actress—there were many other jobs equally vital as acting, such as helping with lights, make-up, wardrobe, properties, and staging. During this period, she attended classes concerned with that phase of the theater in which she was especially interested. These classes were conducted by heads of various committees of the club. Assignments were given as in any other class. At the end of the semester, the apprentice took an examination which decided her fate.

Now for a little back stage doings of this up-and-coming organization. The stage upon which the early group performed was much smaller than the one in Jarman Hall. There was barely room for the cast and a few chairs. The footlights of this tiny stage were terrible. Instead of illuminating the cast, they threw spotlights on the audience. The Dramatic Club secured most of its costumes and props by hook, crook, bargaining, borrowing, sewing, painting, hammering, sawing, nailing, and so forth. Fortunately, something happened which aided the group immensely: the Federal Theater Project in Washington was abandoned. When this occurred, the Federal Theater Project could not dispose of its many costumes and properties. One enterprising young Hampden-Sydney gentleman, the now well-known Bob Porterfield, suggested that these be given to the State of Virginia. As a result, these costumes and properties were distributed among state-supported colleges, with the understanding that they were to be lent to high schools when the need arose. The Longwood Players, by the way, still continues this practice. Most of the costumes are being used now; a few were lost when the auditorium burned in 1949.

Once the Dramatic Club became organized, the members soon began producing two, sometimes three, plays each year. The fall play was usually one with popular appeal. In the spring, the group went high-brow. For a while a play was given at commencement, the cast including only seniors.

However, these dignified young ladies had so little time during graduation week that this practice was soon discontinued. The group even attempted outdoor productions, presenting such plays as Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Drama festivals were also held on this campus, with many Virginia high schools participating.

Up until June, 1949, the Dramatic Club continued under the able direction of Miss Leola Wheeler. When Miss Wheeler left the Longwood faculty, Miss Emily Barksdale, Mrs. Janice Lemen, and Mrs. Mildred Davis became advisers to the group for the year 1949-1950. Then, beginning in the fall of 1950, Mr. Alec Finlayson came to Longwood and advised the club for a year. Under his direction, the Dramatic Club, together with the Hampden-Sydney Jongleurs, produced two plays, the first of which was *The Madwoman of Chailot*, with Cleo Holliday playing the leading role. The second of these plays was *As You Desire Me*, in which Anne Murphy portrayed the main character.

September of 1951 saw the advent of many changes at Longwood which especially affected the Dramatic Club. The club gained a new director, Dr. C. L. S. Earley. It was at this time that Jarman Hall, which had just been completed, first opened its doors to the group. The Dramatic Club was officially changed to "The Longwood Players"; and under this name, the group resumed its activities in the new auditorium under the capable leadership of its president, Ethel Straw.

At present, the by-laws and objectives of the Longwood Players are still very similar to those of the former Dramatic Club. Girls wishing to become members merely have to show an interest in the theater—any phase of it—and as soon as they have served a one-year apprenticeship, they are initiated. There are no dues, and meetings are monthly. This year's officers are: Barbara White, president; Nancy Nelson, vice-president; Gaynelle Edwards, secretary; Ellen Porter, treasurer; Tom Moore, technical director. Students in Dr. Earley's play production classes are automatically members. Try-outs for plays are open to anyone.

The main objective of the Players is to present two plays a year: one a serious drama and the other a light comedy. However, these plays do more than merely entertain us. They bring us new ideas; they give us a deeper insight into human nature; they provide us with an improved knowledge of what is good in the theatre. Furthermore, they give many of us a clearer understanding of the work that goes into producing a play. In all these lies the second important objective of the Players.

Some of those who have taken part in dramatics at Longwood have gone on to do professional work in the theater. We have already mentioned Robert Porterfield, who, as a member of the Hampden-Sydney Jongleurs, acted on the Longwood stage. Mr. Porterfield is the founder of the Barter Theater. Another who has "gone professional" is Cleo Holliday, who was the undisputed "first lady of the Longwood Theater" while she was a student here. Since June of this year, Cleo has been a member of the Barter Players. This promising young actress took first place in the Barter competition last spring and thereby won her apprenticeship with this group.

The more recent productions of the Longwood Players, such as *Ladies In Retirement*, *Light Up the Sky*, *Love from a Stranger*, and *The Glass Menagerie*, are a far cry from the plays presented on the

small, poorly-lit stage in the old auditorium. The use of Jarman Hall with its excellent equipment has enabled the Players to present theater which flavors of the professional. The Club, itself, has added a great deal to this equipment in the way of lights, scenery, an intercommunication system, and sound effects. Dr. Earley, the more than able director, deserves a large part of the praise for this new era in Longwood theatricals. But all this would not have been possible, had it not been for Miss Wheeler, who laid the groundwork and built up this organization which has become so important on this campus.

The students, too, who have taken part in the recent performances have presented to Longwood audiences some highly satisfying performances. During our years at Longwood, we have seen many students convincingly portray very difficult roles. This college can really point with pride to its many capable actresses. Praise of the backstage crew should certainly not be omitted; their efforts are fully as important to the production of a play as those of the people who deliver the lines.

As a member of the student body, I am grateful that a good dramatic group exists on our campus. An organization such as the Longwood Players enhances and repays the college which fosters it.

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What Other Magazines Are Saying . . .

BARBARA CASKEY

Saturday Evening Post

This Week's Cover: We are proud of this week's cover by Norman Charcoal. As you see, it depicts the typical family returning from a typical summer vacation in Saudi Arabia. Notice the six eyes that have been closed by sand particles (count 'em). The artist used as his model for the lovely little lady in the lower right hand corner his own six-year-old Gargantua. Nice going, Charcoal!

Classics Illustrated (Comics)

Mickey Mouse turned to Minnie, his fiancée, pulled his lace collar up closer around his neck, removed his saber from its hiding place in his tights, straightened his doublet, and prepared to hop on his speedy charger, headed for "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea."

Ladies Home Journal

John smiled with the smile of youth and took her (continued on page 46) in his (continued on page 60) confidence. A grin came upon his face as he glanced down at her (continued on page 68) shaking hands clutching her (To Be Continued).

Seventeen

Take a twirl in the newest creation! It's made either of velveteen or burlap for everyday wear. Potent after-dark alliance for extra-special spellbinding. His eyes will be all for you in our off-shoulder silk shawl that's shadow-boxed. Throw a shadow that's devastating. Only \$19.98 at all Newberry's, Leggett's or Rayliss' stores.

Better Homes and Gardens

Do you have a boxwood tree that is not as pretty as the ones next door? Try painting each leaf with phosphorescent paint. It will give you an outer glow to recognize your accomplishment. Or, if the leaves on your bushes are not paintable as most of them are, try a slipcover of a brilliant color—persimmon red, for instance, with a chocolate brown ruffle around the bottom that will not show dirt, or other things that bother boxwood trees. Give your bush that light, bright look!

Popular Mechanics

How To Do It: Obtain a strip of plumbago incased in wood and an instrument that has one sharp side and one dull side. Move the sharp side of the instrument up and down the plumbago. At the same time move the plumbago in a circular motion. It is possible to use graphite in the place of the plumbago. With this steady motion just described, your pencil will be sharpened in a jiffy. Next week: "How To Operate a Toothpick."

Quick Predicts

To replace General Eisenhower as president of Columbia, its trustees will probably choose Drew Pearson or Westbrook Pegler. Those who favor Pegler say things will be bad for Pearson, while those for Pearson say the odds are 86 to 100 that the appointment will go to him. . . "And 86% of our predictions are correct." Says Pearson, "I don't know."

Joseph Dahl, president of the Longwood Library League, will resign his post and become president of the Madison Library League.

In the Senate, the "NO'S" will have it.

Movie Story

Our columnist, Hal about town, has it from a very reliable source that Mimi Hanson will marry in the fall. Best of Luck, Mimi.

Photoplay

We have it from a very reliable source that Mimi Hanson is enjoying spinsterhood and will never consider marriage again, especially after the failure of her first twelve. Says Mimi, "I just didn't grow up as fast as other girls around my hometown."

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